A

New Copy of Verſes

CALL'D

The Heireſs's Lamentation:

OR,

Pity too Late.

To the Tune of, *The Torments of a Long Diſpair.*

I

YE Happy, happy Nimphs around,
That hear my Mournful Story,
Whoſe Breaſts it does with Pity wound;
Take warning I implore ye:
Had I but ſooner ſeen my Fate,
I might have ſav'd my Ruin,
But like fond Girls, I find too late,
The cauſe of my Undoing.

II.

If Pity be the *Virgin*'s part?
Their Nature's ſoft and moving;
Why then had I ſo hard a Heart
To One ſo Kind and Loving?
Diſtracting Thoughts my Fate attends,
All other Men will ſhun me:
Oh! cruel Laws, more cruel Friends,
Why have ye thus undone me?

III

Alas! what is my Fortune now?
Each Fop will look above me;
Pretenders I may have enow,
But none that e'er will love me,
Like thoſe by Ignorance betray'd,
I'm driven to Repentance,
To live a Wretched ruin'd Maid,
Is my unpitied ſentence.

IV.

Some ſtrictneſs Modeſty allows,
To guard us from our Ruin,
But I alas! have no Excuſe,
He ſought not my Undoing;
With tender Sighs (to be his Wife,)
And conſtancy did Woe me,
But I ungratefull took his Life,
What Vengeance muſt purſue me?

V

Methinks in the *Elizium* ſhades,
Where injur'd Lovers tarry,
He there my Treachery upbraids,
My cruel Marks does carry;
'Revenge, revenge my Wrongs (he crys)
'On that Perfidious Woman;
'Ye Fates for her new Wrath deviſe,
'All Puniſhments uncommon.

VI.

'As Pity once was to her Breaſt,
'May Peace become a Stranger,
'Let Ghaſtly Thoughts diſturb her Reſt,
'And fright her ſtill with danger;
'When Time my Injuries ſhall [illegible]r,
'Let all Mankind defame her:
'May all with Joy, her Sorrows hear,
'But none with pity name her.

VII.

Such Cruel diſmal Sounds are theſe,
My waking Thoughts diſcover,
And when with Sleep my Griefs I'd eaſe,
His ſtrangled Ghoſt does hover
About my Couch; methinks it flies
With open Arms, to have me,
'You are my Lawful Wife, he crys,
'No Power on Earth ſhall ſave ye.

VIII.

Then waking from the ſad Surprize,
I trembling, gaze around me,
And tho' no Ghoſts, alas! there is:
My Conſcience ſerves to wound me.
Wou'd I had been ſome home-bred Laſs,
Brought up in humble Doing;
For Riches is the Cauſe, alas!
Of my Eternal Ruin.

IX.

Ye *Britiſh* Maids, take my Advice,
And not for Int'reſt Marry,
Let not Merit rule your Choice,
Leſt ye like me Miſcarry;
My Fortune I was loath to give,
Tho' he by Love had won me,
But now too late, I do perceive,
The Cauſe that has undone me.

X.

All Day I ſit and vent my Grief,
My Friends are but a Trouble,
In vain they ſtrive to give relief,
They but increaſe it double:
Had they been leſs ſevere, I might
Have hinder'd my Undoing,
But oh! alas, I find too late,
The cauſe of my Undoing.

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